

# MODERN

# COMICS

DECEMBER  
No. 92

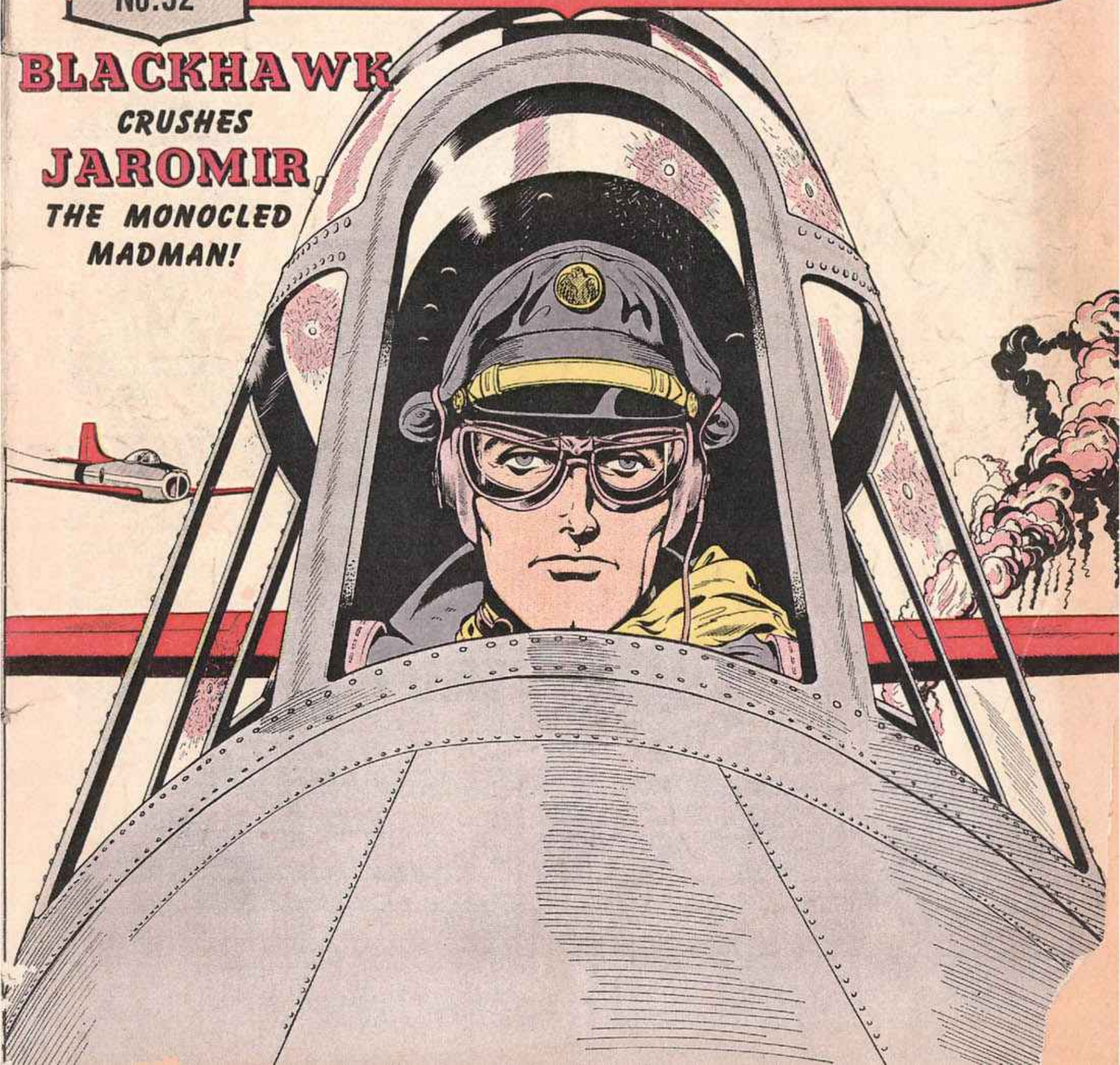
10¢

**BLACKHAWK**

CRUSHES

**JAROMIR**

THE MONOCLED  
MADMAN!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# Blackhawk



**A** GAIN THE BLACKHAWKS  
SMASH THROUGH TO VICTORY  
OVER STRANGE AND  
UNSCRUPULOUS ENEMIES!













YOU ARE A CITIZEN OF TRAVINO! YOUR NATION'S SECRET ENVOY IS HERE TONIGHT... TELL ME THAT ENVOY'S NAME!

YOUR TYRANNICAL GOVERNMENT TOLD YOU TO KILL OUR ENVOY! HOW DARE YOU DREAM I'D TELL...



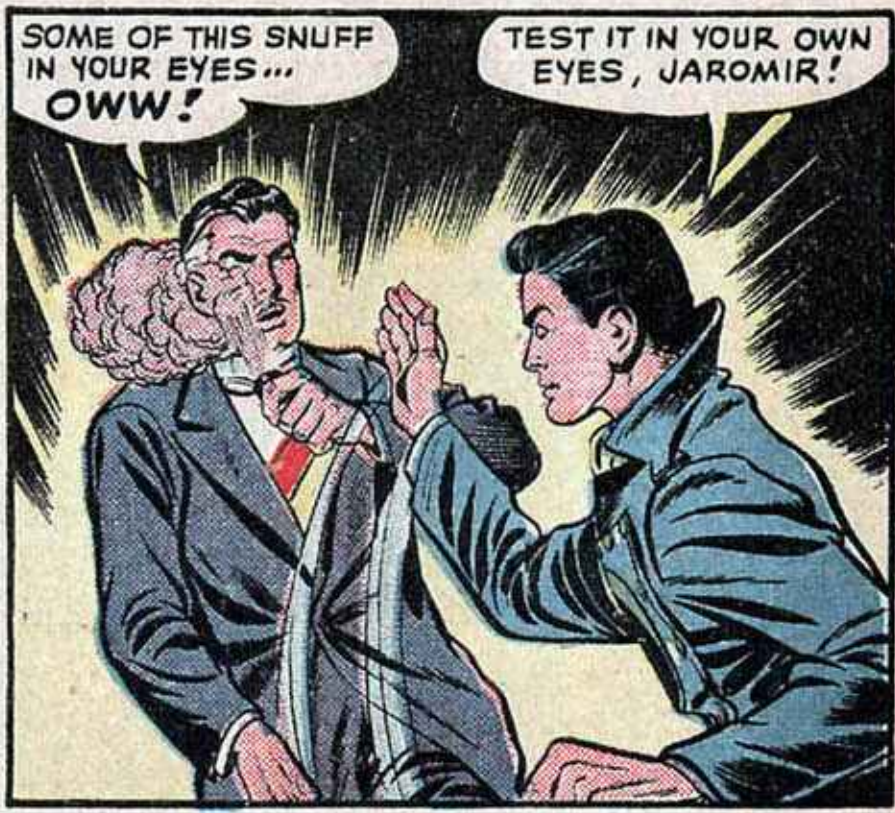
IT'S A QUESTION OF THE ENVOY'S DYING, OR **EVERYONE** AT THIS PARTY... INCLUDING YOU! AT A MOTION OF MY HAND I CAN DESTROY THEM!

IT IS **BLACKHAWK!** PLEASE RID ME OF THIS INFAMOUS SPY!



I'M HERE BECAUSE YOU TWO ARE HERE! THE LEAGUE OF DEMOCRACY ASKED THE BLACKHAWKS TO SEE WHY JAROMIR WAS AT THIS PLACE!

STAY AWAY, BLACKHAWK, OR YOU'LL SUFFER!



SOME OF THIS SNUFF IN YOUR EYES... **OWW!**

TEST IT IN YOUR OWN EYES, JAROMIR!



MY MONOCLE SAVED MY EYE FROM THAT SNUFF! BUT NOTHING WILL SAVE EITHER OF YOU... NOR THE SECRET ENVOY FROM TRAVINO!

DON'T FOLLOW HIM! OUR PLACE IS HERE... TO FIND THAT THREAT OF DEATH HE BOASTED OF!



HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT OUR SECRET ENVOY'S BEING HERE TONIGHT! THAT ENVOY IS...

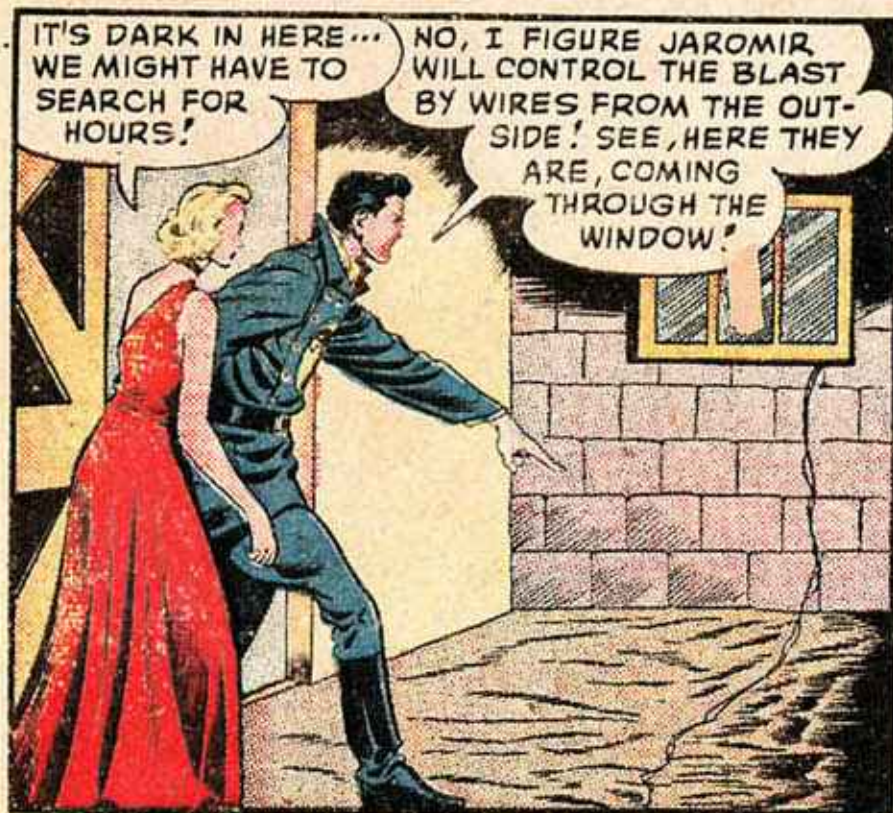
KEEP YOUR GOVERNMENT'S SECRET, BARONESS RILLA! JAROMIR SAID HE COULD KILL EVERYONE AT THIS PARTY! THAT TELLS US HIS WEAPON!



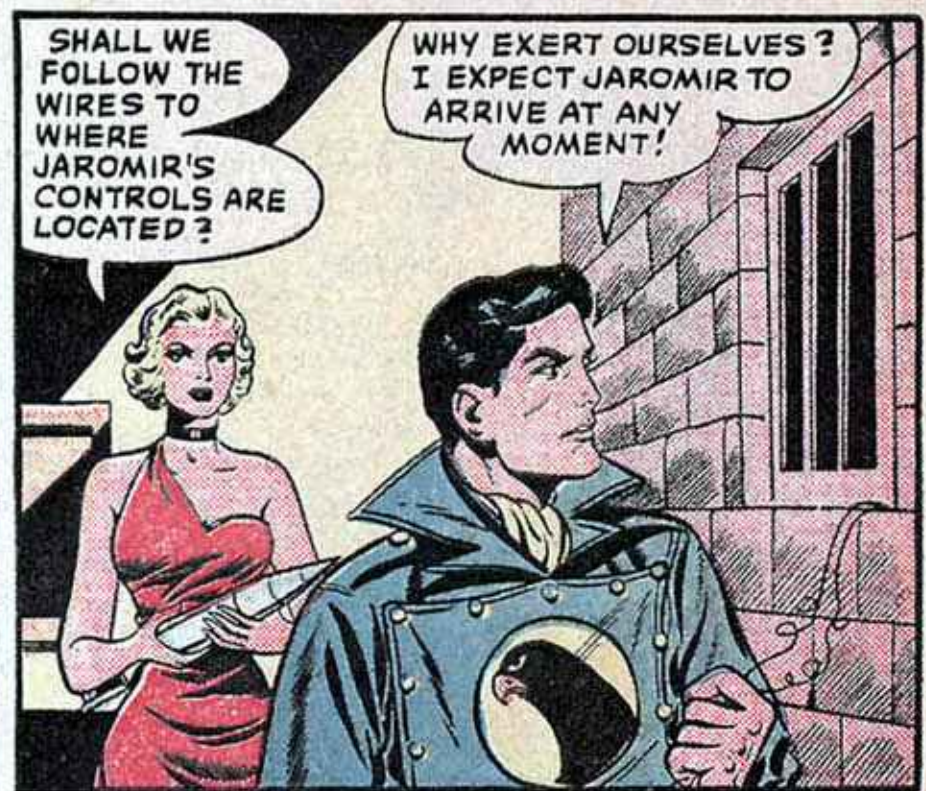
WEAPON? YOU DON'T THINK HE WAS BLUFFING?

NOT ABOUT THAT! AN ALL-DESTROYING DEVICE WOULD BE SOME KIND OF EXPLOSIVE!





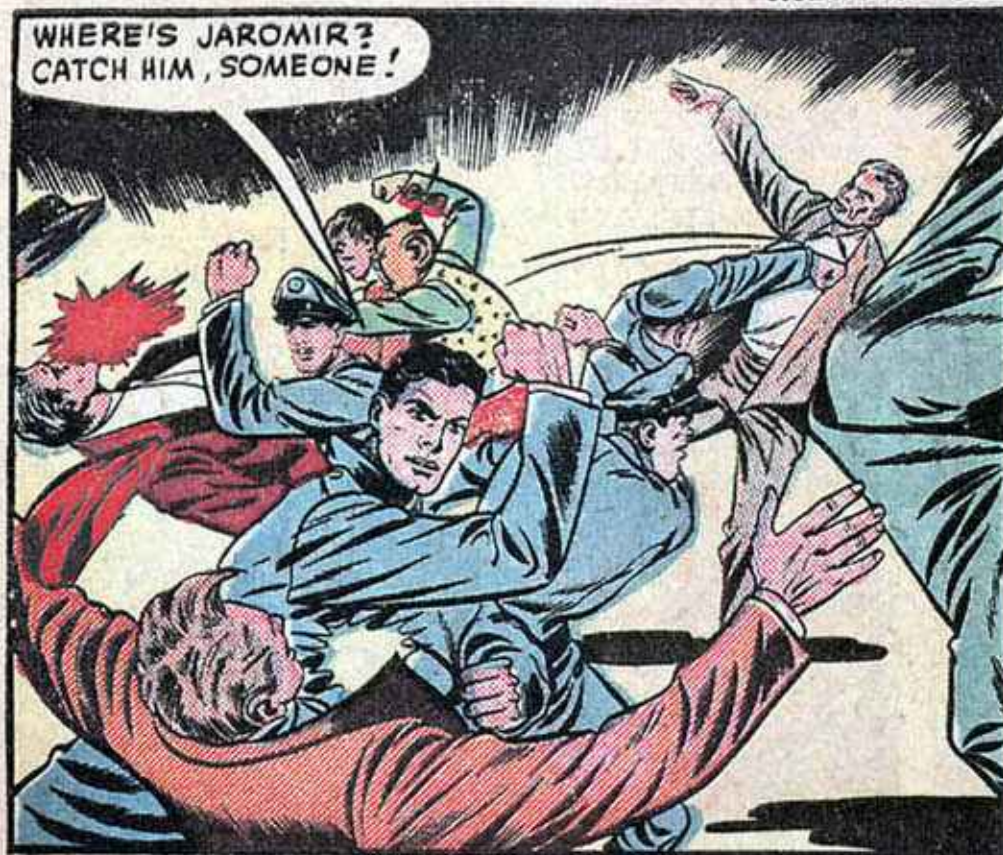




















THEY DUCKED  
IN HERE!  
KNOCK ON  
THE DOOR,  
CHUCK!

OPEN UP  
INSIDE!



I'VE LOCKED  
YOU OUT! WHY  
NOT TRY TO  
BREAK IN...  
ATTRACT  
ATTENTION TO  
WHAT MAY  
BECOME AN  
EMBARRASS-  
ING INTER-  
NATIONAL  
INCIDENT?

WE'D DO EVEN  
THAT IF WE HAD  
TO! BUT WE  
THINK THERE'S  
MORE THAN  
ONE WAY IN!



YOU HEARD THAT  
DEVIL BLACKHAWK  
MOCK US! THEY'LL  
SURROUND THIS  
HOUSE... ENTER IT  
FROM ALL SIDES  
AND...

I HOPE THEY  
DO! THIS HOUSE  
HAS LATELY  
UNDERGONE  
SPECIAL RE-  
BUILDING FOR  
JUST SUCH AN  
EMERGENCY!  
UP THE LADDER  
WITH YOU!



LISTEN! THEY'VE  
GAINED ADMISSION  
... BROKEN DOWN A  
SIDE DOOR!

EVEN AS I  
PLANNED!  
GET UP  
THROUGH  
THE TRAP  
DOOR...  
THERE  
ARE SPECIAL  
CONTROLS  
ABOVE!

CRASH  
SMASH



NO, BLACKHAWK!  
BY PULLING THIS  
LEVER, I SLIDE  
A METAL PANEL  
OVER THE DOOR YOU  
BROKE DOWN! YOU  
ARE SAFELY  
SHUT  
UP!

WE'RE  
INSIDE!  
WHERE  
ARE YOU?  
BETTER  
SURRENDER!



I HEAR YOU!  
WE'LL COME UP  
THE LADDER TO  
THAT FLOOR  
ABOVE!

DON'T EXERT YOURSELVES!  
THE FLOOR WILL DESCEND  
TO YOU... AND UPON  
YOU! WAIT UNTIL I  
TURN THIS OTHER  
LEVER!



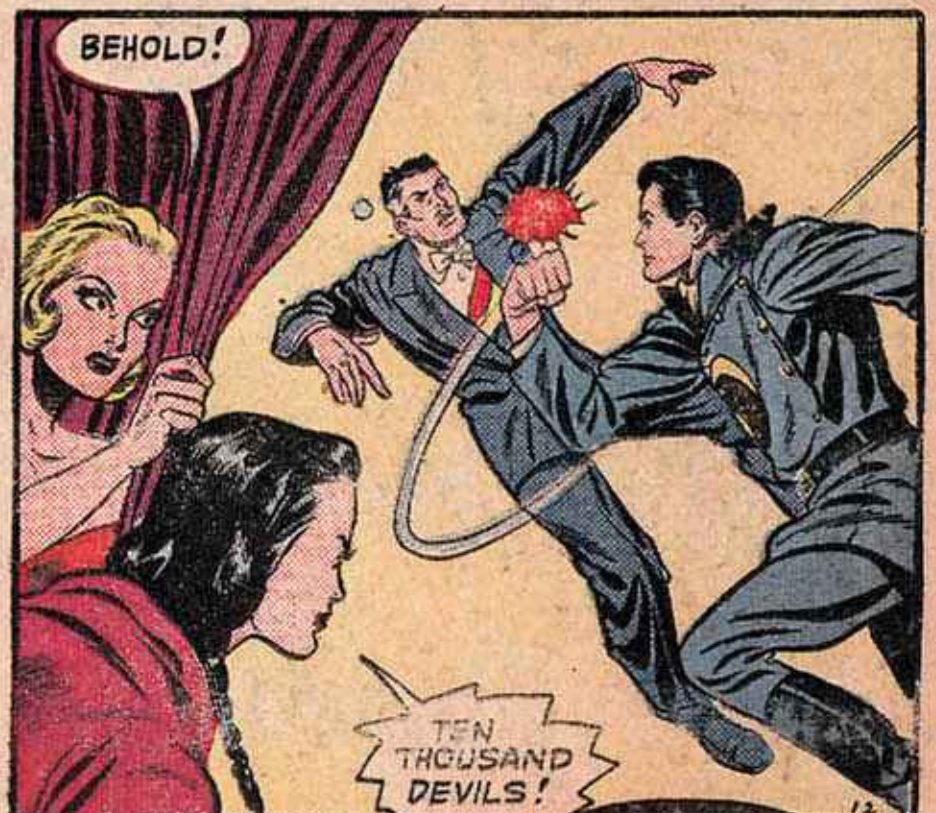
THE FLOOR  
WE STAND  
ON... IT'S  
SINKING  
DOWN... LIKE  
AN ELEVATOR!

EXACTLY! FINISH  
FASTENING THE TRAP  
DOOR, THEN  
CLIMB THE  
LADDER TO  
THE ROOF!

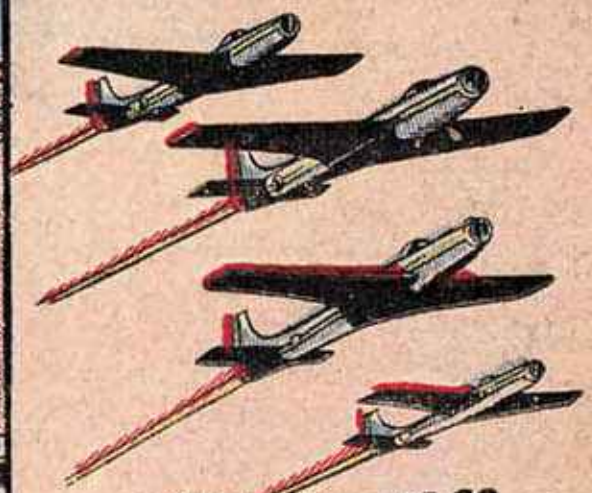












NO MATTER WHERE WE GO OPPRESSION IS OUR FOE, WE FIGHT WITH MIGHT AND MAIN... AND BRING FREEDOM BACK AGAIN, WE'RE **BLACKHAWKS!**





# DARK Secret

**C**ROUCHING in the tropical shrubbery that lined the beach of Blackhawk Island, the mighty Blackhawk himself watched the shape slide closer through the moonlight. At first it had been no more than a darker speck on the sea. Blackhawk, making a last restless patrol of the island before falling asleep, had spotted it and hidden here to wait for developments. Now, close at hand, he saw that it was a small motor boat with its motor shut off, being rowed in by a single occupant.

Tensely, Blackhawk eased his automatic from its holster and set his feet for a quick attack. He saw the boat lift on a white-fringed breaker and then slide gratingly onto the beach. The man in it stood up.

Blackhawk started forward and froze. A figure was darting from the bushes nearby, running down to meet the mysterious intruder. And suddenly Blackhawk's throat tightened. The man was Andre, his own trusted Blackhawk.

"No," Blackhawk whispered. "It can't be. Not Andre, keeping a secret rendezvous in the night, like a traitor."

A hundred wild memories flooded into his mind. Andre had been acting queerly for more than a week. Twice he had snatched a letter out of sight when Blackhawk entered the room. Once, flying a routine patrol over the mainland, Blackhawk had been sure he saw a white object tumble from Andre's plane, like a message thrown to some one on the ground below. He had dismissed the thought then as absurd. Now it came back to taunt him.

Criminals all over the world would pay a fortune—a dozen fortunes—to see Blackhawk destroyed and his mighty band broken up. Had Andre been tempted beyond mortal's power to resist? Was he conspiring with someone to kill his own friend and leader?

Chewing his lip, Blackhawk saw Andre accept a small package from the figure in the boat, saw them exchange a whispered message. Then Andre was fading back toward headquarters, and the mysterious boatman was sculling his craft back to sea. Blackhawk raised his pistol and then let it drop into its holster. With dark bitterness flooding him, he turned and

made his way back to the camouflaged buildings that were the Blackhawk headquarters.

On impulse he went along the path toward the dining room shack, where Chop Chop held sway in his kitchen. The little Chinese with his garbled English and awkward ways would give every drop of his blood to save his beloved master. If there was anything afoot, Chop Chop would know of it.

Blackhawk stepped to the door of the room where Chop Chop slept. He rapped softly and called his friend's name. When there was no answer, he opened the door and stepped inside. Approaching the bunk, he bent and shook the figure under the blanket.

Instead of sitting up, the figure fell apart at his touch. It was only a spare blanket, rolled and tucked there to look like a sleeping form. Bleakness came into Blackhawk's eyes. Then his jaw set. If treachery was brewing, the time to meet it was now, face to face. He turned swiftly and tramped to the big lounge where the Squadron relaxed between flights.

He kicked open the door with a crash, strode over the threshold and froze, gaping. A table had been set up in the center of the big room. Places were set around it for every member of the Squadron. And in the center of the table stood a huge cake, its top dotted with flickering candles.

From across the room, Andre shouted: "To Blackhawk, ze happy birthday!" and the voices of the others echoed, "Happy Birthday!"

Blackhawk choked on words that would not come. "Gang," he began. "Gang, I . . . Oh, my gosh! I'd forgotten my own birthday."

"But not ze squadron," Andre beamed and thrust the package into Blackhawk's limp hands, the package he had gotten from the mysterious boatman a few moments before. "Here is ze birthday present from all of us. A good friend of Chop Chop's bought it and delivered it. *Ma foi*, it is ze nicest wrist watch to be had in all China. Wear it to remember ze loyalty of your friends, my Blackhawk." And then he stopped, staring blankly at the first tears he had ever seen on the cheeks of Blackhawk.



# WILL BRAGG

ANOTHER THRILLING TALE OF THE AMAZING WILL BRAGG, MOST SOUGHT AFTER CITIZEN OF THE YEAR!

SEE WHAT I MEAN, FOLKS?

BOARD BILL

BAD CHECKS

BREACH OF PROMISE  
SUIT  
WHEREAS WILL BRAGG

SHYSTER & SHYSTER  
ATTORNEYS



OH, WILL... IT'S SO EXCITING TO BE WITH YOU HERE AT CRESCENT BEACH!

EXCITEMENT, YOU SAY, EFFIE? YES, THERE APPEARS TO BE SOME EXCITEMENT ON THE PIER YONDER! LET'S SEE WHAT IT IS!

INTERNATIONAL SPEED-BOAT RACE... FINISH LINE



IT'S THE ENTRY FROM ARGENTAGUA... THE BOAT'S TURNED OVER, THE PILOT'S DROWNING!

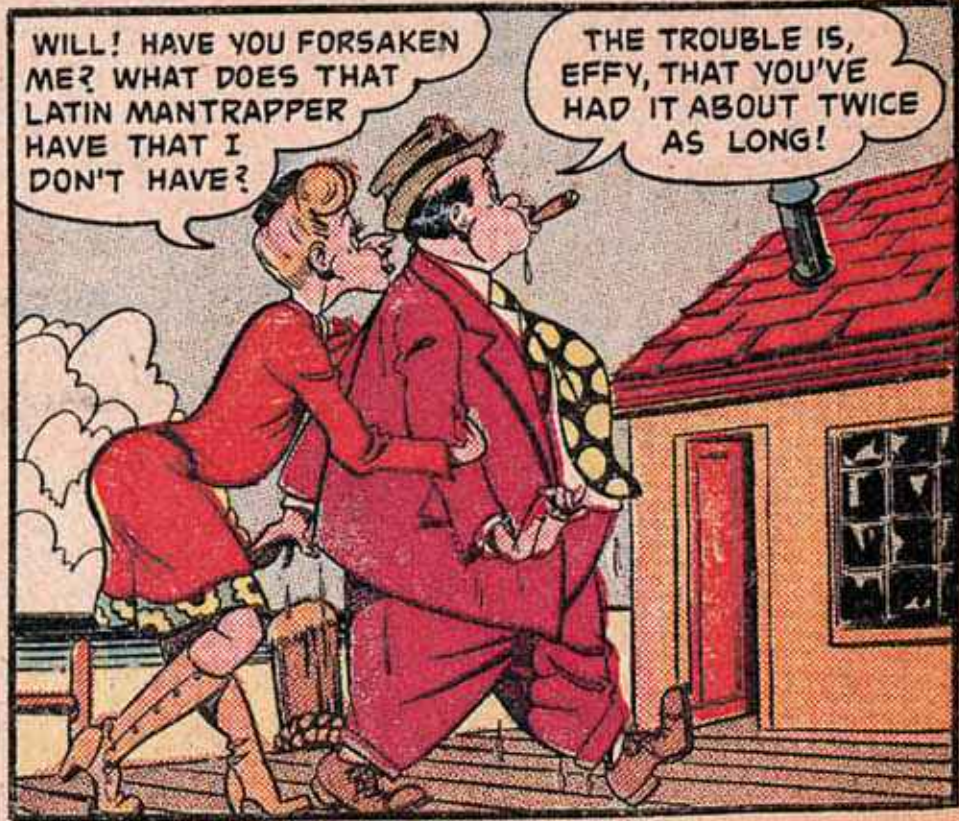
HEY, STOUT STUFF! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE SHOVING?



THIS IS HOW IT REALLY FEELS TO BE SHOVED AROUND!

OOOP!







SO, NEETA PATOOTA, THE FALSE ONE! YOU SAID YOUR HEART WAS SECRETLY MINE, BUT I SEE YOU KISS THE YANQUI FAT ONE! WHAT IS HIS NAME THAT I MAY KILL HIM WITH THE TERRIBLE TORTURE?

RINALDO, MY STUPID ANGEL! I DO THIS THING FOR YOU AND ME! WELL YOU KNOW THAT DON POLYCARPO GORO SWEARS HE WILL MARRY ME--- KILL ANY RIVALS!

ALL THE TOWN IS NOW TALKING OF WILL BRAGG'S RESCUE OF ME, AND MY LOVE FOR HIM! GIVE DON POLYCARPO WILL BRAGG'S ADDRESS--- HERE, I HAVE WRITTEN IT---

NEETA, YOU ARE EVEN MORE WISE THAN BEAUTIFUL, IF THAT WERE POSSIBLE! DON POLYCARPO KILLS THIS YANQUI BRAGG--- THE AMERICAN POLICE ARREST POLYCARPO!



SI, SI! WITH HIM OUT OF OUR WAY, YOU AND I MARRY WITH EACH OTHER, BUT NO?

BUT YES... INSTANTLY!

HA! OLE, RINALDO! THIS GRINGO DOG WHO STEAL MY NEETA FROM ME--- WHERE IS HE TO BE FOUNDED? I KILL HIM TO SMALL, INSIGNIFICANT PIECES!

DON POLYCARPO GORO, MY DEAR AMIGO, HERE IS THE ADDRESS... SEÑORA MAHOULAHAN'S BOARDING HOUSE! KILL THE SCOUNDREL IN GOOD HEALTH!

HA! WITHIN THE HOUR HE SHALL BE DESTROYED TO THE LAST DROP OF BLOOD! WILL BRAGG... TOMORROW THAT NAME WILL BE IN THE PAPERS AS A FUNERAL, SI!

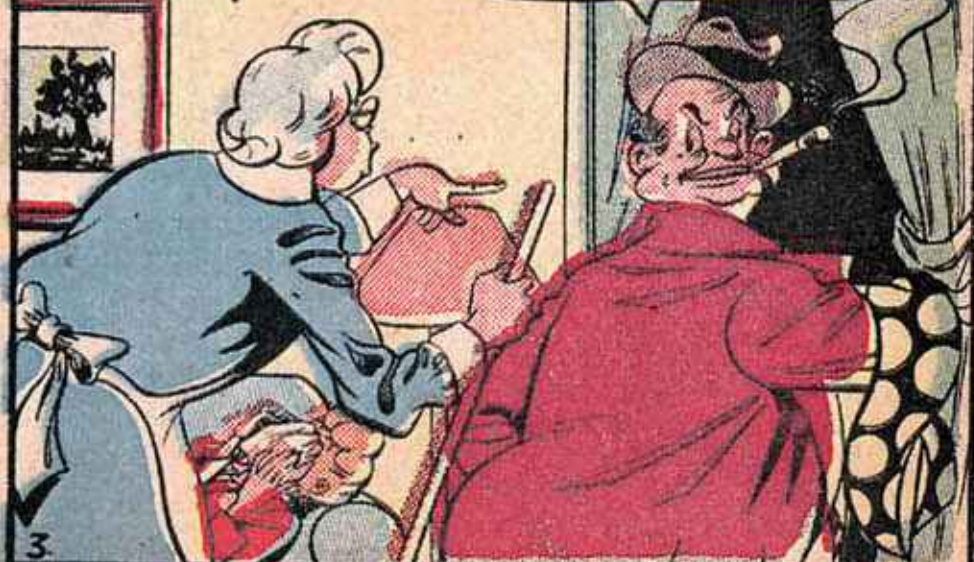


AH, MRS. MAHOULAHAN, COULD YOU BUT SEE HER--- MY NEETA PATOOTA, FAIREST FLOWER OF THE TROPICS! SHE AND I WILL BE THE HANDSOMEST COUPLE EVER TO WED!

HOLD BACK THOSE TEARS, EFFY! I HAVE TO MOP UP AFTER THIS DRIPPING DRIP BEFORE I GET AROUND TO MOPPING UP AFTER YOU!

IF SHE CAN COME VISITING UP HERE, MAYBE SHE'S RICH ENOUGH TO PAY YOUR OVERDUE BOARD BILL!

NO DOUBT! AND OF COURSE SHE'LL SETTLE A PRINCELY DOWRY ON ME, HER BELOVED RESCUER! THEN WE'LL FLY AWAY TO SOME LAND OF LATIN ROMANCE AND...







AH, A KNOCK AT THE DOOR! MY HEART TELLS ME THIS IS THE EXQUISITE NEETA... NO LONGER CAN SHE ENDURE TO BE ABSENT FROM MY SIDE!

AND AFTER TWENTY YEARS OF ADORING HIM... OH, MY POOR BROKEN HEART!

KNOCK!  
KNOCK!  
KNOCK!



TELL ME, SEÑOR! I AM SEEKING TO FIND WILL BRAGG, HE WHO RESCUED NEETA PATOOTTA FROM DROWNING AND WON HER HEART!

AH, AND YOU HAVE COME WITH A REWARD FOR HIM, NO DOUBT?



REWARD? SI... I HAVE FOR HIM SUCH A REWARD AS IS NOT OF RECORD IN ALL HISTORY... THAT IS, IF HE TRULY INTENDS TO MARRY NEETA PATOOTTA!

HAVE NO DOUBTS ON THAT SCORE, BUB! I'M THE GREAT WILL BRAGG, AND CERTAINLY I'M GOING TO MARRY NEETA!

SEÑOR BRAGG, YOU ARE COMPLETELY SERIOUS WITH ME? YOU SWEAR YOU INTEND TO MARRY HER?

YES INDEED! BUT OF COURSE! IT'S PRACTICALLY DONE ALREADY! NOW THAT YOU ARE SURE OF THAT, THIS REWARD OF WHICH YOU SPEAK...



THE REWARD, SI! SUCH A REWARD AS IS DESERVED BY THE LIKES OF YOU... YOU STEALER OF SWEETHEARTS, YOU HOME BREAKER-UPPER, YOU...

WH... WHAT?



I AM DON POLYCARPO GORO, THE MOST RENOWNED CITIZEN OF ALL ARGENTAGUA! IT IS I WHO LOVE NEETA... YOU COME BETWEEN US... YOU MUST **DIE!**

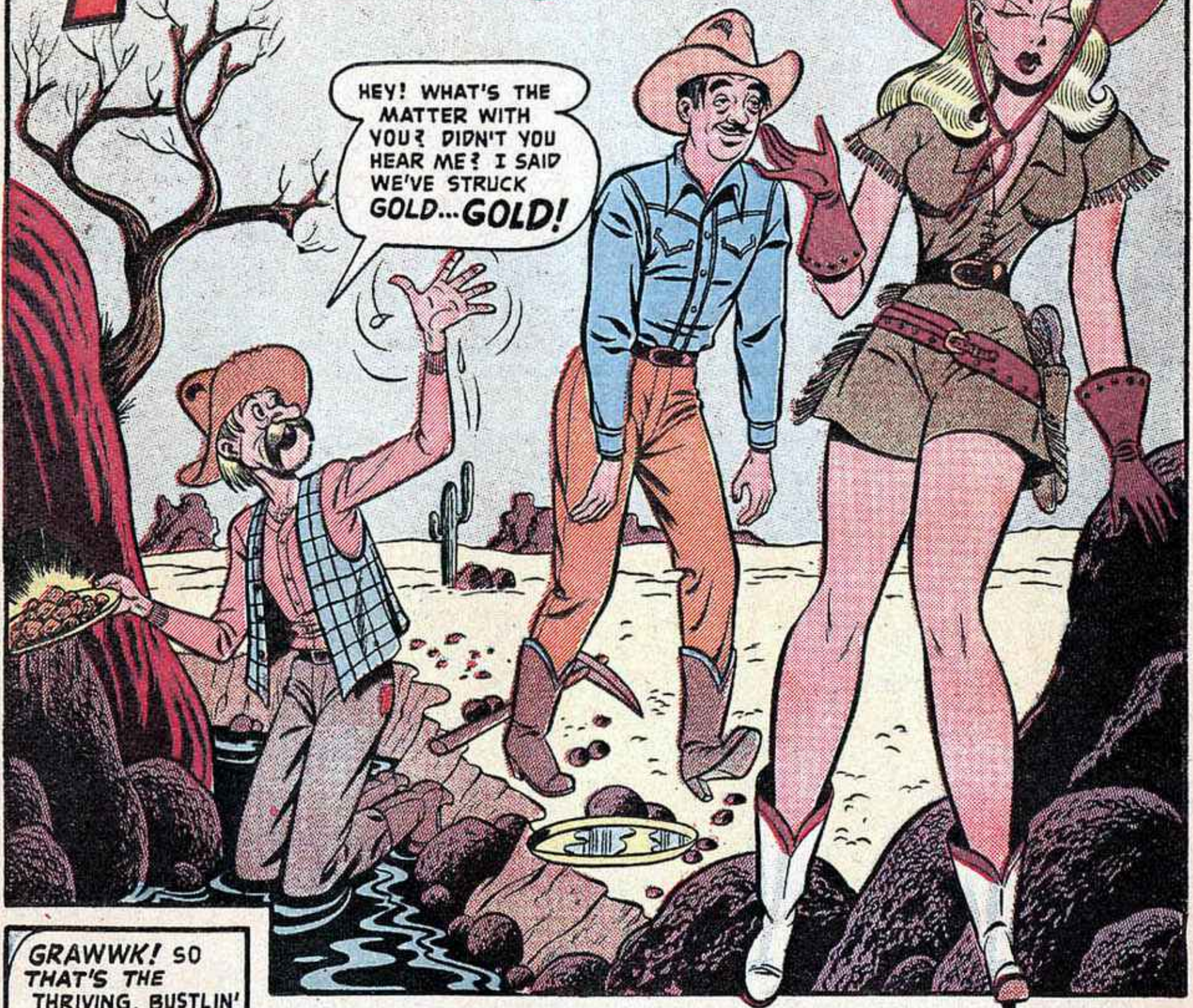
D-D-DIE?? BUT WAIT, MISTER! I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE... OR USED TO BE, ONCE...







# TORCHY



GRAWWK! SO THAT'S THE THRIVING, BUSTLIN' TOWN MY "RICH" UNCLE SNODBEAK LEFT ME IN HIS WILL! THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING...

I HATE TO SAY THIS, BOOKS, BUT THERE'S A STRAIN OF DISHONESTY IN YOUR FAMILY SOMEWHERE!

GOLD DISCOVERED HERE - 1849

WE MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK TO THE CITY AND SEE WHO WE CAN DO FOR A LIVING!

WAIT! I'VE GOT A TERRIFIC IDEA, BREEZY! HERE'S OUR FORTUNE, RIGHT HERE!



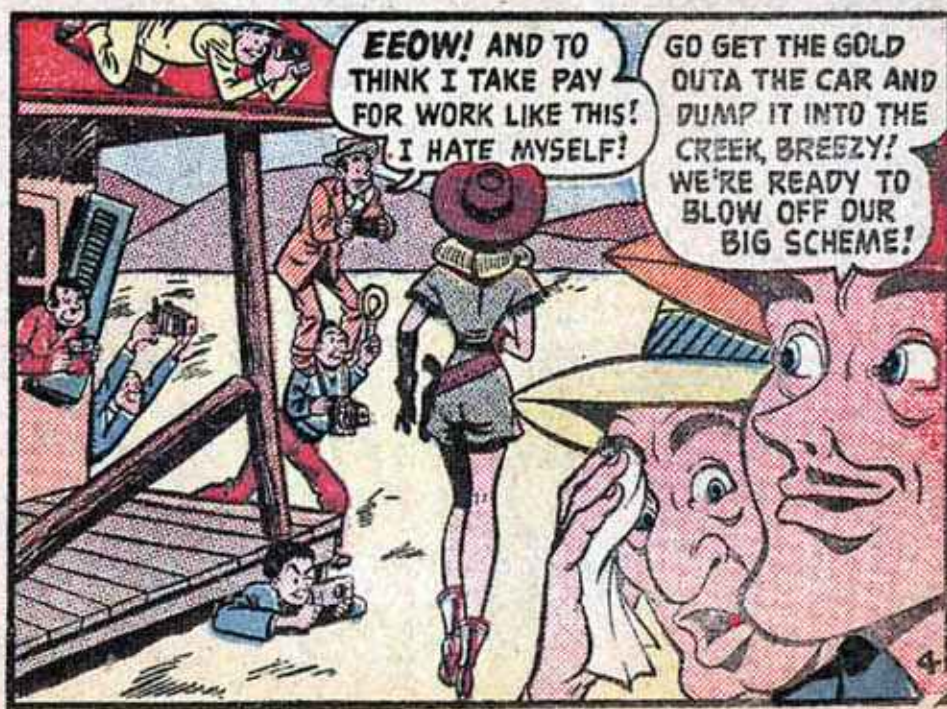














DON'T WASTE ALL YOUR FILM, BUB! WE WANT PICTURES OF TORCHY PANNING GOLD NEXT!

FILM, HE SAYS! AT A TIME LIKE THIS, WHO CAN BE BOTHERED WITH FILM?



WHAT HAS SHE GOT THAT OTHER GIRLS HAVEN'T GOT? AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW!



JUST THE SIGHT OF HER UPSETS ME!



AT A TIME LIKE THIS I GET TO WONDERIN' ... CAN SHE COOK? BUT WHO CARES?



GET THE PICTURE, BOYS! TORCHY WILL WASH A PAN OF GOLD SAND... JUST THE WAY IT WAS DONE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO!



NOW I KNOW WHAT THEY MEAN BY THE GOOD OLD DAYS! WOO-WOO!



OH, DEAR... ALL I GET IS DIRTY YELLOW STUFF!

GO 'WAY! DON'T BOTHER ME NOW!

WHY, BOYS... IT'S PURE GOLD! DID YOU HEAR ME? GOLD!



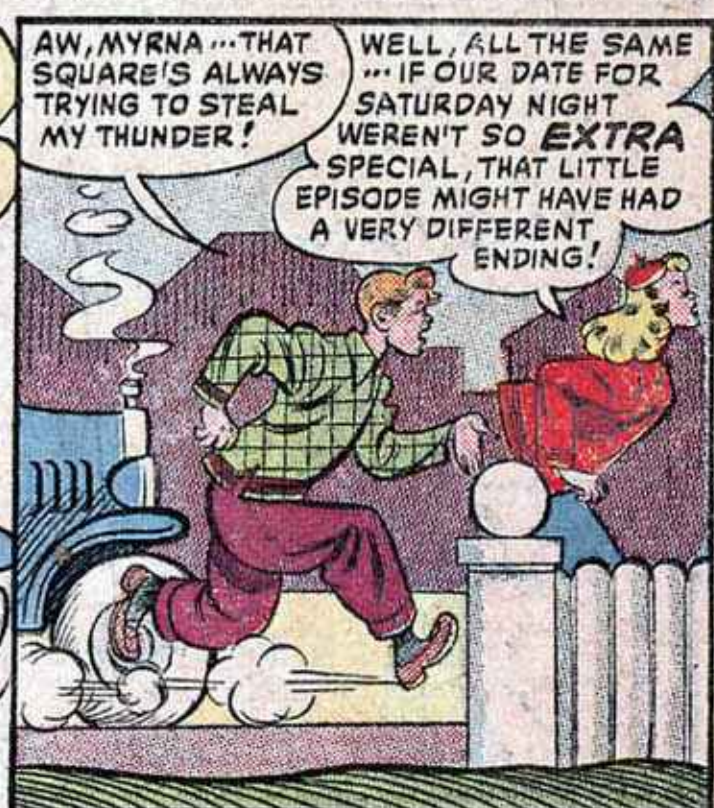
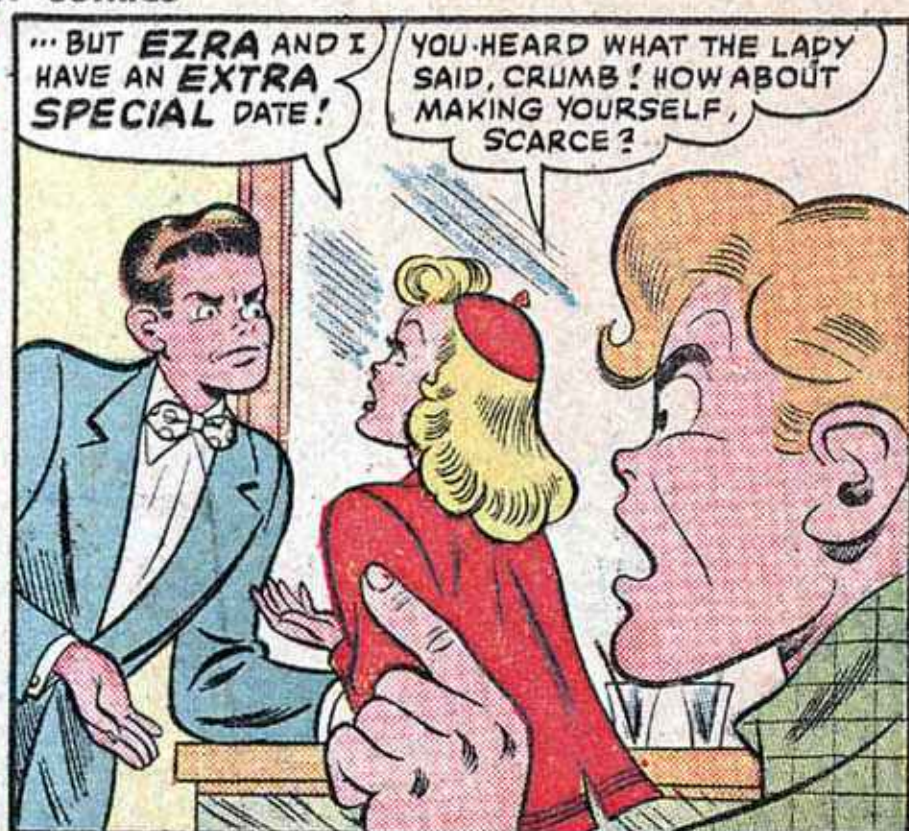




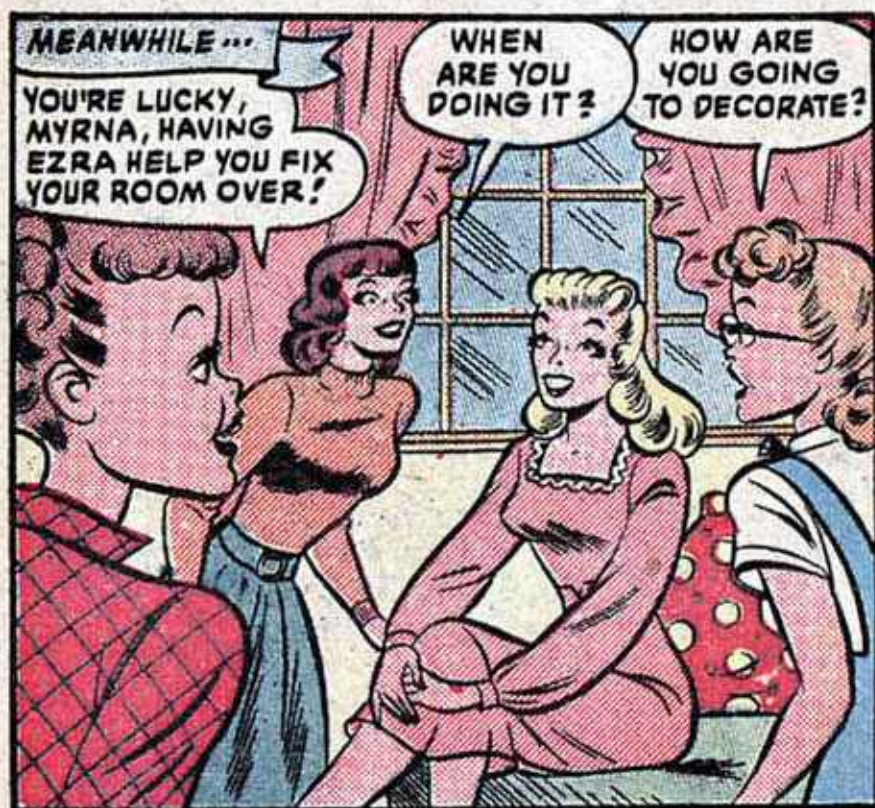


















HELLO, MYRNA ... I'M HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE GETTING RIGGED OUT FOR SATURDAY NIGHT! I ... ER ... CAN'T GET THE RIGHT DRAPE FOR MY SHAPE!



DON'T FRET, PET! I'M SURE DAD HAS SOMETHING HE WON'T MIND LETTING YOU STEP INTO!



WHY THE GRIN? YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A DIS-APPOINTED LOVER!

MYRNA'S REGULAR, ALL RIGHT! SHE SAID SHE'D LEND ME HER FATHER'S TUX!



AT THAT MOMENT...

LAY OFF THE ANVIL CHORUS ... I'M COMING!



HELLO, YUM PLUM! PUFF! I GOT HERE JUST AS SOON AS I HEARD THE NEWS!

WHAT NEWS? HAS SOMETHING HAPPENED? QUICK! TELL ME!



I GOT THE LOWDOWN ON WHAT WAS COOKIN' FOR SATURDAY NIGHT! BELIEVE ME, YOU CAN'T DEPEND ON THAT BLUFF EZRA TO DO IT UP IN STYLE!

WHEW! IS THAT ALL? YOU HAD ME ALL DRAPED OUT FOR A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN!



LOOK, MYRNA ... I HATE TO SEE A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU LEFT HIGH AND DRY ... SO I THOUGHT I'D SORTA GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE FOR SATURDAY NIGHT!

I ACCEPT YOUR KIND OFFER, DEAN!

MIGHT AS WELL TURN IT INTO A REAL PARTY!





